



TIM HOLT

NO GUNS! AND A
CHASM BETWEEN US—
CAN I SAVE HER...?



The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The art style is characteristic of mid-century pulp magazines, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight drop shadow effect.



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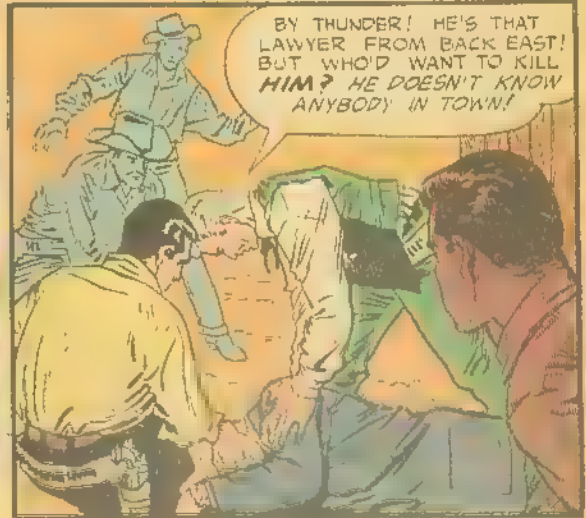
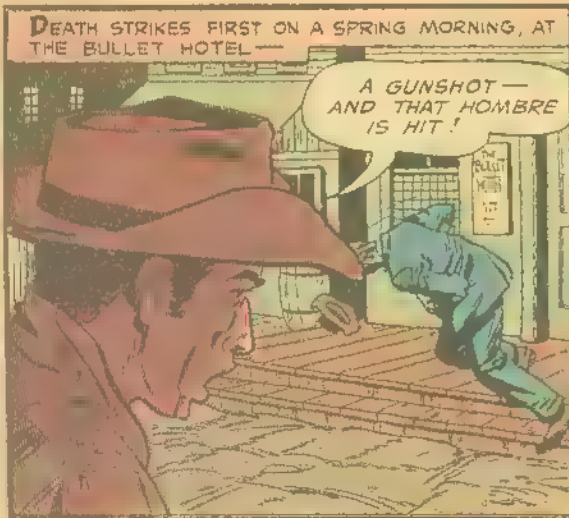
TIM HOLT

HOT LEAD SCREAMS IN A HAIL OF DEATH AT THE RANCHES IN THE BULLET COUNTRY! GRAVES YAWN FOR THE VICTIMS—AND EVEN **REPMASK** IS HELPLESS BEFORE THE STRANGE BLIGHT THAT HITS RICH MAN AND POOR MAN ALIKE. HIS ONLY POSSIBLE CHANCE TO SAVE LIVES IS TO SOLVE THE STRANGE RIDDLE OF—

"THE CINDERELLA BOOT!"



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BOYLE



THE NEXT MAN TO DIE IS SIM KELSEY, HORSE WRANGLER OF THE TRIANGLE BAR RANCH...



IN TOWN—

DOGGONE, TIM! THERE ARE NO CLUES AT ALL! AND THERE'S NO REASON WHY AN EASTERN LAWYER AND A HORSE WRANGLER SHOULD DIE INSIDE TWO DAYS OF EACH OTHER!

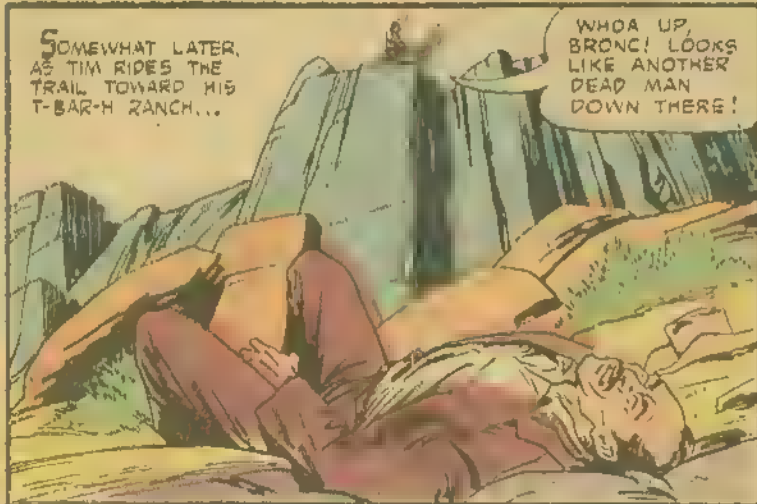


NO REASON THAT WE KNOW OF— AS YET! BUT I'M BETTING THERE IS A REASON!

HUH! WHAT KIND OF REASON? IT JUST DON'T MAKE SENSE!



SOMEWHAT LATER, AS TIM RIDES THE TRAIL TOWARD HIS T-BAR-H RANCH...



WHOA UP, BRONC! LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER DEAD MAN DOWN THERE!

WHY, IT'S TIM HAVEN, OF THE HAT-ON-A-BENCH! AND—HE'S HURT... BUT NOT TOO BADLY...

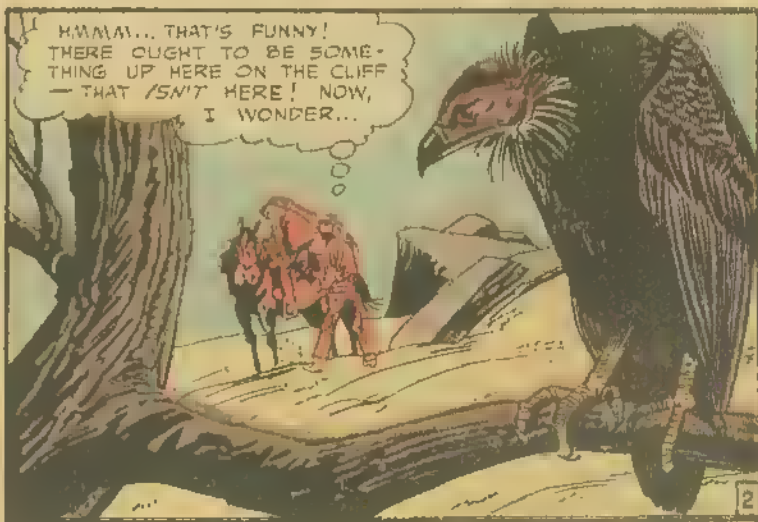
HOMBRE JUMPED ME UP ABOVE— KNOCKED ME OFF THE CLIFF, THOUGHT HE'D GONE AIE IN...



WITH LARIAT PALLIED AROUND THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE, TIM BRINGS HAVEN TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE...



HMM... THAT'S FUNNY! THERE OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING UP HERE ON THE CLIFF— THAT /SN'T HERE! NOW, I WONDER...

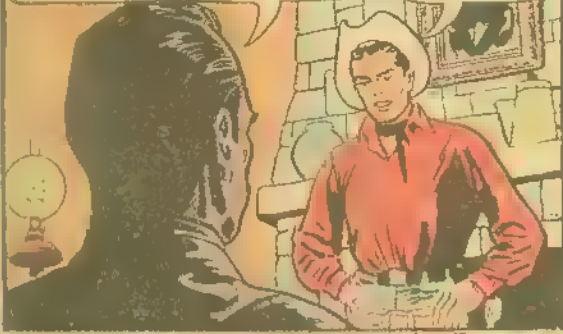


TIM HOLT

LATER, IN THE HAT-ON-A-BENCH RANCHHOUSE LIVING ROOM —

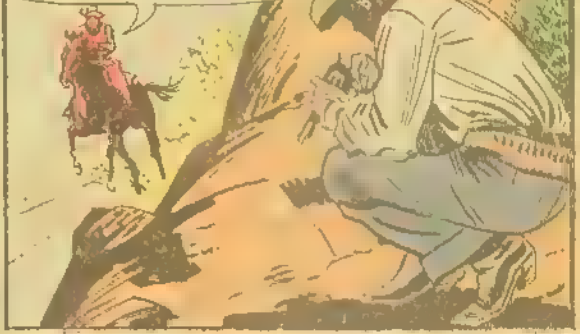
NO REASON WHY ANYBODY SHOULD KILL AAB! OF COURSE SIM KELSEY AND ME WERE PARDS BACK IN THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL DAYS.

THAT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON STILL, THANKS FOR THE TIP!



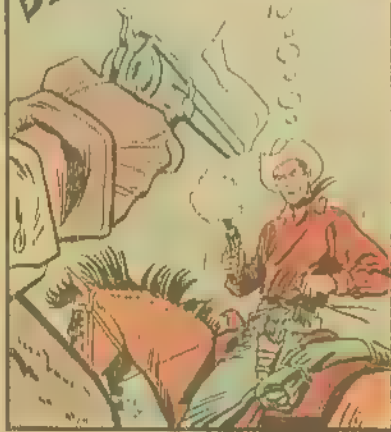
AS TIM GALLOPS HOMEWARD —

IF KELSEY AND HAVEN KNEW EACH OTHER LONG AGO, MAYBE THEY DID SOMETHING TO CAUSE SOMEONE TO KILL THEM OUT OF REVENGE!

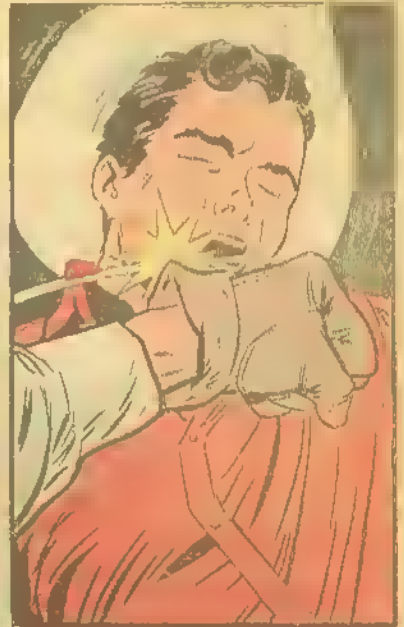


LOOKS LIKE I'VE BEEN MARKED FOR THE SAME DEATH THAT OVERTOOK THOSE OTHERS!

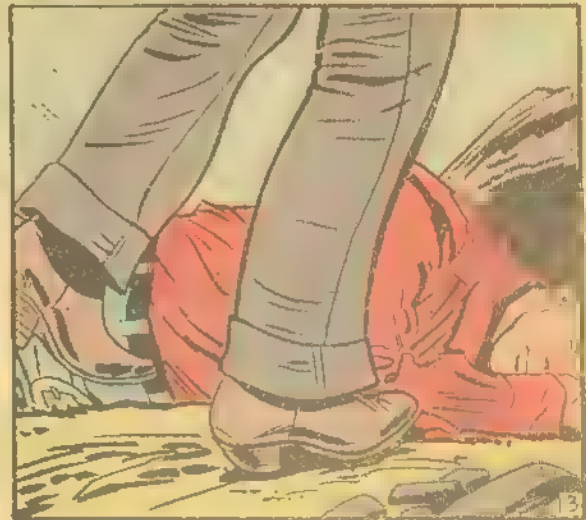
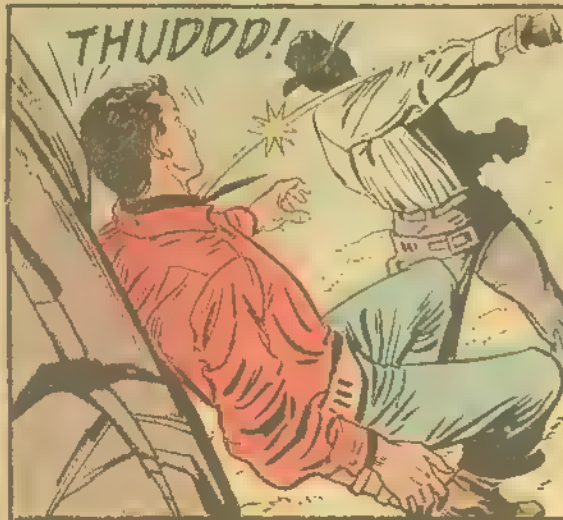
BLAMM!



HE'S QUICKLY DRAWN AND BY THEN HE REELS THE THIEF'S GUN FROM HIM, AND DESPERATELY DETERMINED, THE MASKED MAN LEAPS AT HIM!



THUDD!



TIM HOLT

WITH A LAST DESPERATE WRENCH OF AGONIZED MUSCLES, TIM MOVES ASIDE—



NOW— IT'S MY TURN!



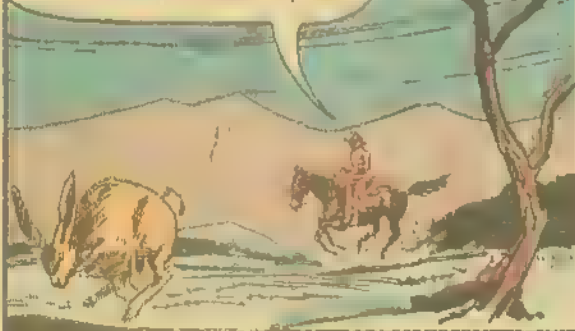
WITH BLOOD DRIPPING FROM HIS TORN MOUTH, THE MASKED MAN FLEES...

I COULD SHOOT HIM— BUT I'VE NEVER PLUGGED A MAN IN THE BACK YET!



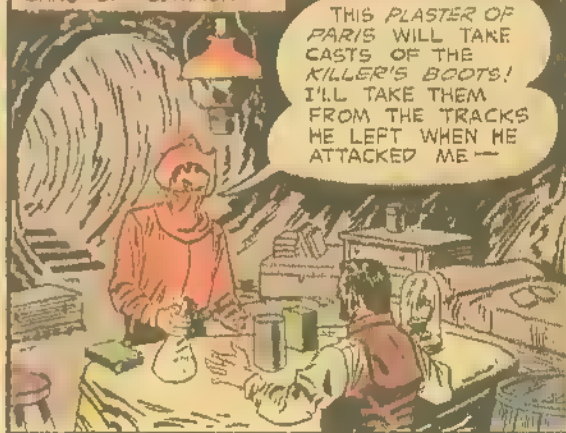
AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT SEARCH, TIM WEARILY TURNS HIS MOUNT HOMEWARD...

SINCE HE TRIED TO KILL ME, THAT HOMBRE MUST THINK I KNOW SOMETHING IMPORTANT— AND DANGEROUS TO HIM! BUT WHAT?



AS DAWN COLORS THE WESTERN SKY, TIM ENTERS THE HIDDEN CAVE, WHERE SOON HE DONS THE GARB OF REDMASK—

THIS PLASTER OF PARIS WILL TAKE CASTS OF THE KILLER'S BOOTS! I'LL TAKE THEM FROM THE TRACKS HE LEFT WHEN HE ATTACKED ME—

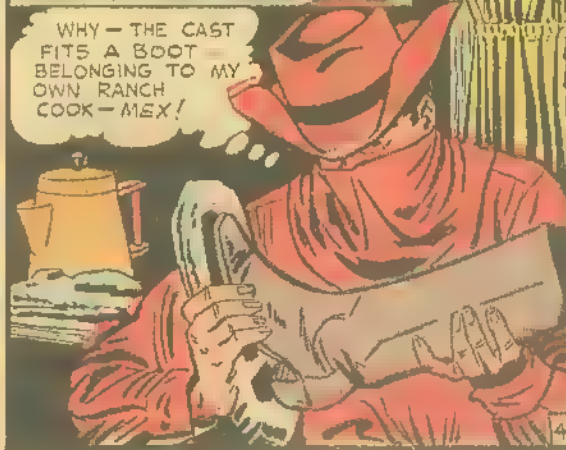


ONCE I KNOW WHOSE BOOTS MATCH THIS MOUND I'LL KNOW THE MAN BEHIND THOSE MURDERS!

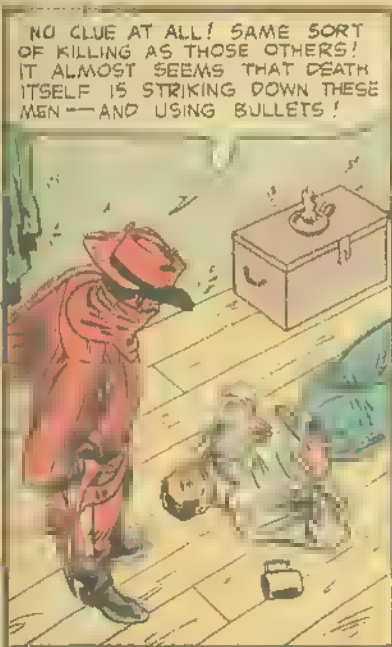
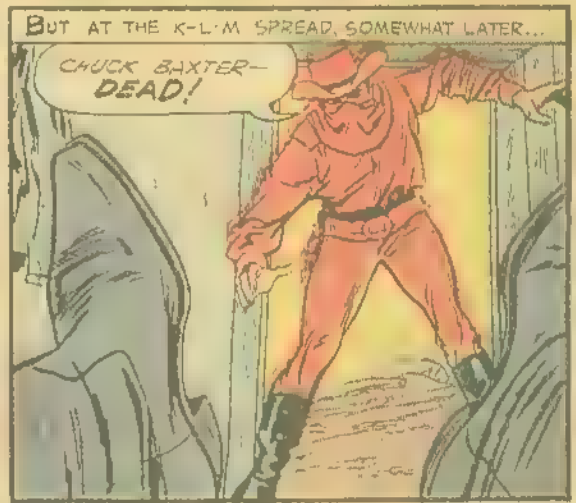
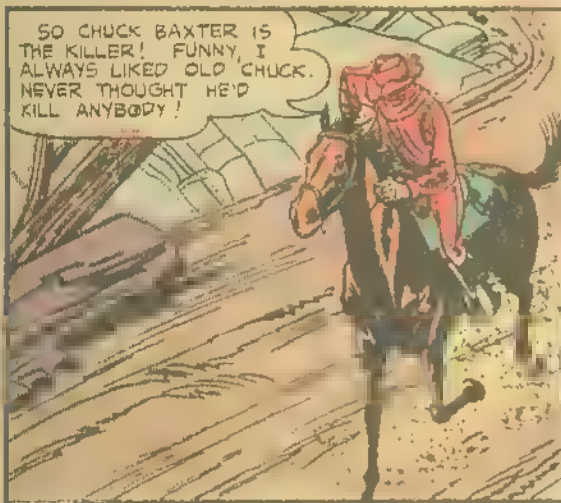
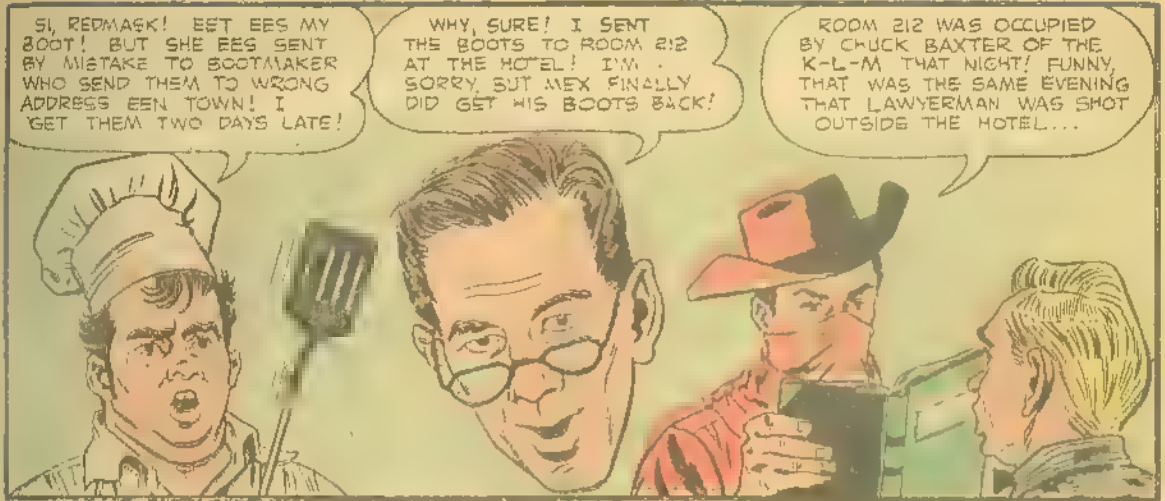


FOR TWO DAYS, REDMASK SEARCHES, AND THEN ONE MORNING, AT THE T-BAR-H RANCH...

WHY— THE CAST FITS A BOOT BELONGING TO MY OWN RANCH COOK— MEX!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

AN ALBUM OF DAGUERREOTYPES—OLD ONES! THEY GO BACK TO THE TIME OF THE TEXAS TRAIL DRIVES. AND HERE'S A PICTURE OF THAT OLD TRAIL CREW! KELSEY! BAXTER! HAVEN! LEE DWIGHT! TURK TATTERSALL! LUKE EDMONDS! ALL OF THEM LIVE AROUND HERE EXCEPT TATTERSALL!



LUKE TATTERSALL WENT BACK EAST, YEARS AGO! I'VE HEARD HE GOT RICH THERE! I'VE A HUNCH I'M GOING TO DO SOME LETTERWRITING...



THREE DAYS LATER, AT THE T-BAR-H RANCH, IN ANSWER TO REDMASK'S URGENT SUMMONS, THREE MEN WALK UP THE PORCH STEPS...



LOT OF NONSENSE, IF YOU ASK ME!

GENTLEMEN, ONE OF YOU IS A **KILLER!** FIRST THE LAWYER FROM BACK EAST. HE WAS BRINGING WORD THAT TURK TATTERSALL WAS WILLING HIS FORTUNE TO HIS OLD TRAIL DRIVE PARTNERS! THEN SIM KELSEY. THEN AN ATTACK ON JIM HAVEN THEN CHUCK BAXTER!



YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT!

I THINK I CAN—WITH THIS **BOOT!** IT WILL SHOW US THE MAN WHO KILLED THOSE MEN, AND INTENDED TO KILL TWO OF YOU—TO GET THAT FORTUNE FOR HIMSELF! HE WORE IT WHEN HE ATTACKED ME! IF IT FITS ONE OF YOU—THAT MAN IS THE MURDERER!



YOU FIRST, DWIGHT!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! JUST LIKE CINDERELLA AND HER GLASS SLIPPER!



DOESN'T FIT ME!

THIS COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT BETTER FOR ME! I GOT 'EM ALL WHERE I CAN KILL 'EM RIGHT NOW!



TIM HOLT



YOU'RE SMART, REPMASK—TOO SMART! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU FIRST, THEN THESE OTHERS!



I HAD IT FIGURED FOR YOU—BUT I NEEDED THIS BOOT STUNT TO PROVE IT—UNTIL YOU ADMITTED YOUR GUILT THIS WAY!



BUT YOU'VE COME TO THE END OF YOUR ROAD OF DEATH AT LAST!



IT'S JIM HAVEN!

HE MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE WHEN I FOUND HIM AT THE BASE OF THOSE CLIFFS! HE TOLD ME HE'D BEEN THROWN OVER...

—THERE WERE NO INDICATIONS THAT ANYONE HAD BEEN ON TOP OF THOSE CLIFFS, SO HAVEN LIED! I HAD TO FIND OUT WHY I WROTE LETTERS BACK EAST, LEARNED OF TATTERSALL AND HIS WILL, AND PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER. I USED THE CINDERELLA BOOT TO FORCE HIS HAND—AND SAVED HIM FOR THE HANGMAN!



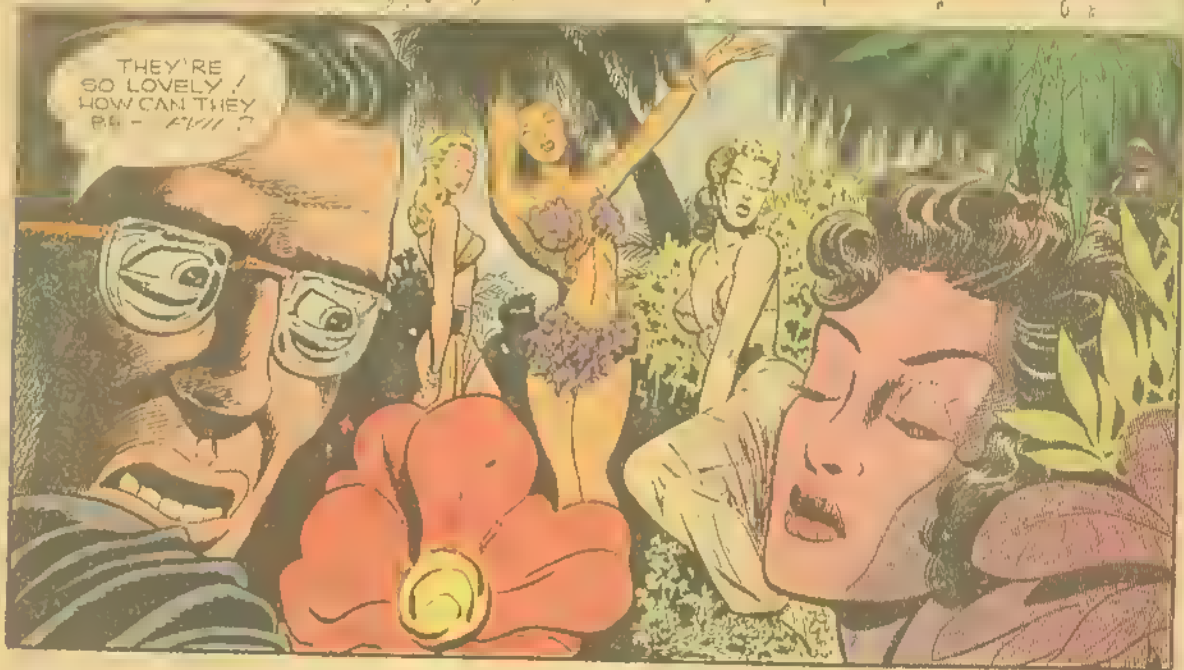
THE END

TIM HOLT

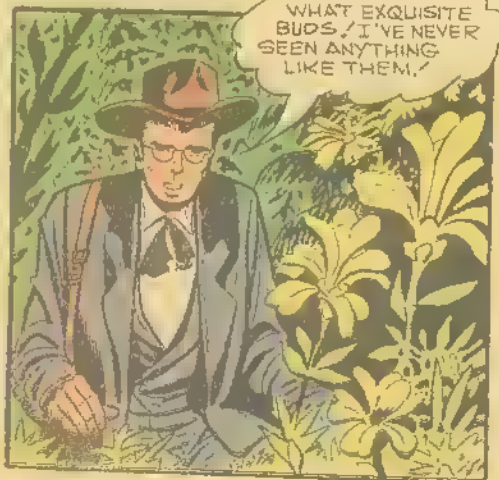
TALES of the GHOST RIDER

THE FLOWERS WERE ACCURSED BY NAMPI DA'ATI, THE INDIAN GOD OF DARKNESS AND THE GRAVE, BUT **BURTON REDMAN** TOOK THE FLOWERS, NOT BELIEVING ANY SUCH NONSENSE. HE DARED THEIR TERRORS, ONLY TO LEARN THE STRANGE FATE OF WHOEVER DREAMED OF _____

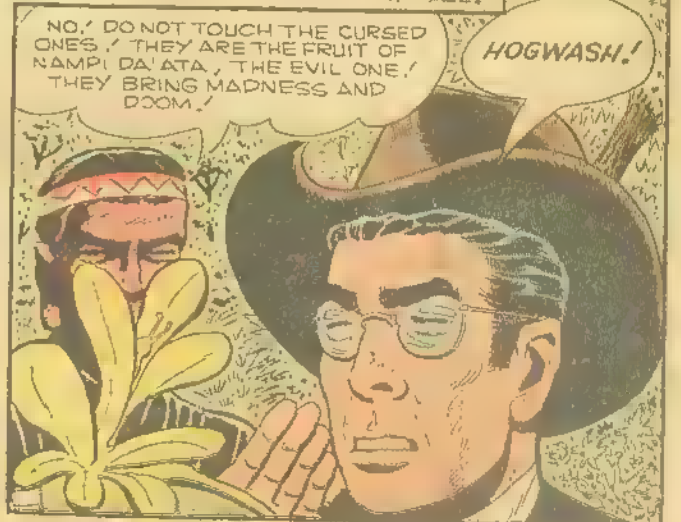
the FLOWER WOMEN

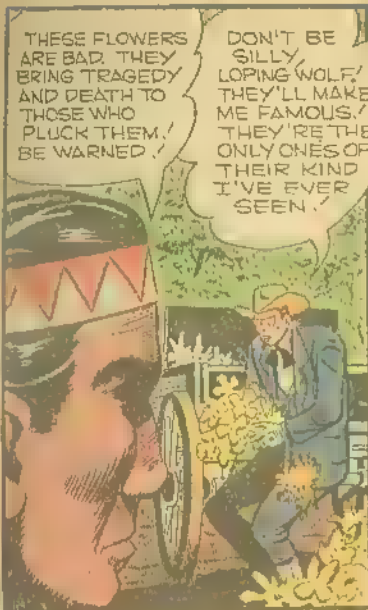


ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHWEST OKLAHOMA, BOTANIST **BURTON REDMAN** STOOPED OVER SOME RARE FLOWERS.



HIS INDIAN GUIDE STEPPED FORWARD, A LOOK OF FEAR ON HIS SWARTHY FACE.



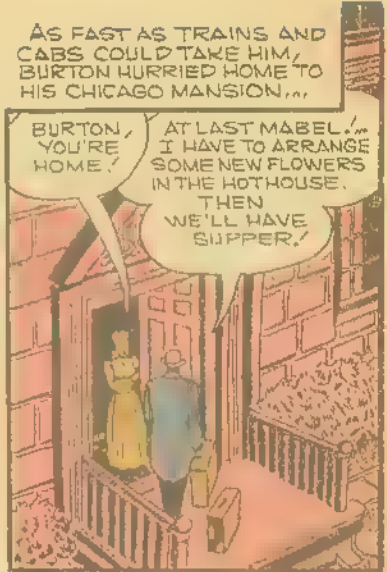


THESE FLOWERS ARE BAD. THEY BRING TRAGEDY AND DEATH TO THOSE WHO PLUCK THEM. BE WARNED!

DON'T BE SILLY, LOPING WOLF! THEY'LL MAKE ME FAMOUS! THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES OF THEIR KIND I'VE EVER SEEN!

WAIT UNTIL THE BOTANICAL WORLD GETS WORD OF MY DISCOVERY. I'LL BE THE GREATEST HORTICULTURIST IN AMERICA!

NO GOOD LUCK LIKE THAT FROM FLOWERS! ONLY DEATH!



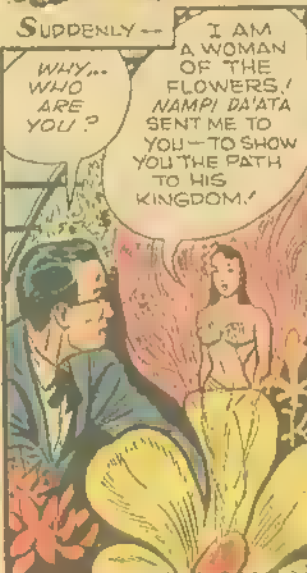
BURTON, YOU'RE HOME!

AT LAST MABEL! I HAVE TO ARRANGE SOME NEW FLOWERS IN THE HOTHOUSE. THEN WE'LL HAVE SUPPER!

LATE THAT NIGHT, AFTER HIS WIFE HAD GONE TO BED...

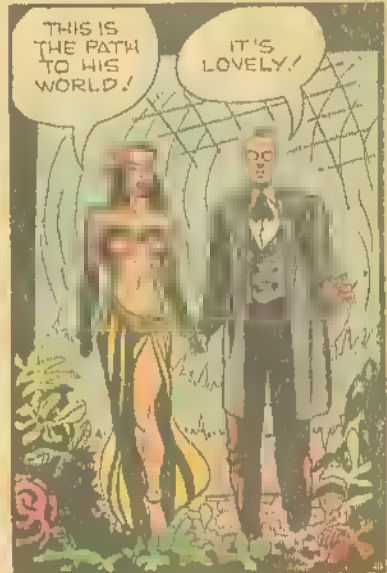


ODD! THERE'S A STRANGE, SWEET SMELL RISING FROM THESE FLOWERS — JUST AS FRAXINELLA GIVES OFF A GAS, IT'S MAKING ME DROWSY...



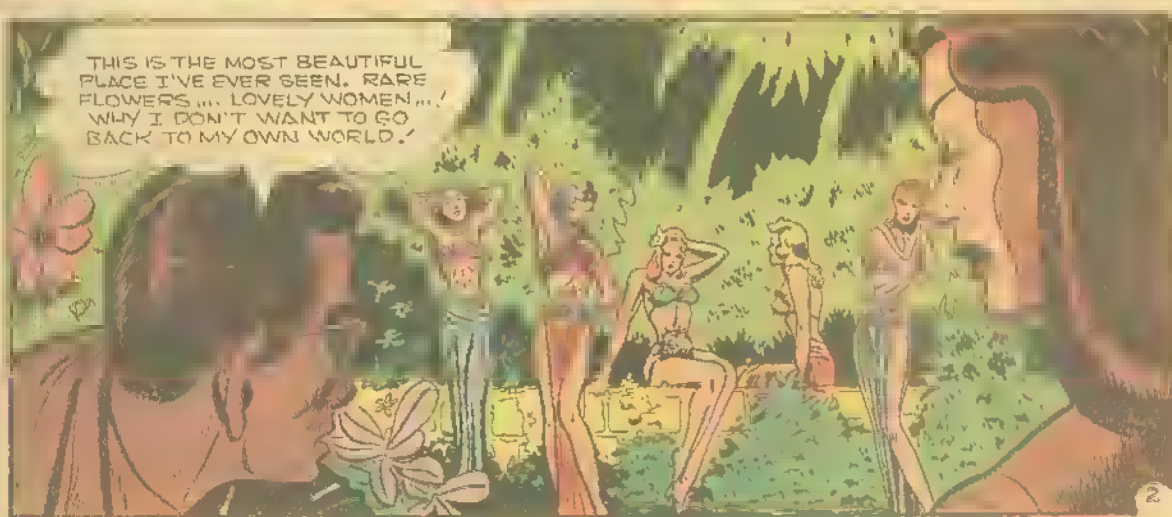
WHY... WHO ARE YOU?

I AM A WOMAN OF THE FLOWERS! NAMPI DA'ATA SENT ME TO YOU — TO SHOW YOU THE PATH TO HIS KINGDOM!



THIS IS THE PATH TO HIS WORLD!

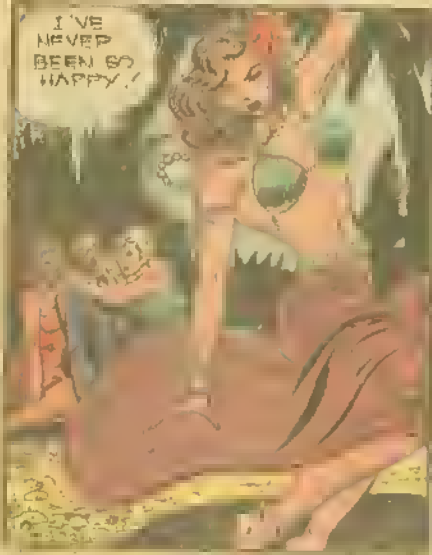
IT'S LOVELY!



THIS IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE I'VE EVER SEEN. RARE FLOWERS... LOVELY WOMEN...! WHY I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK TO MY OWN WORLD!

TIM HOLT

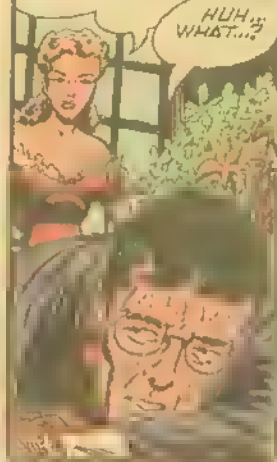
THE FLOWER WOMEN DANCE FOR BURTON REDMAN, WHO FINDS HIMSELF LIVING IN A PARADISE ...



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!

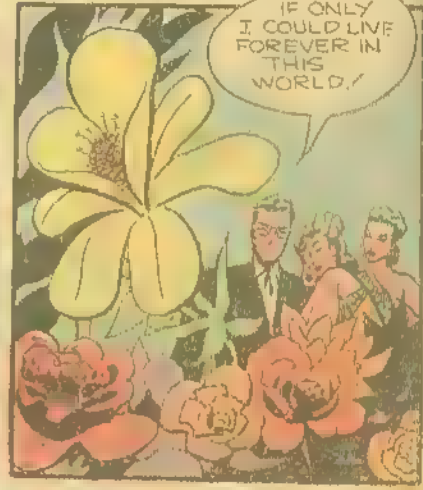
AND THEN —

BURT! BURT! WAKE UP! OH, THIS PLACE IS HOT-SMELLY! IT'S ALMOST DAWN!



HUH? WHAT...?

THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME BURTON REDMAN WALKED IN THE STRANGE FLOWER WORLD. BUT FOR MANY NIGHTS AFTER THAT, THE BOTANIST SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE LAND OF NAMPI DA'ATA ...



IF ONLY I COULD LIVE FOREVER IN THIS WORLD!

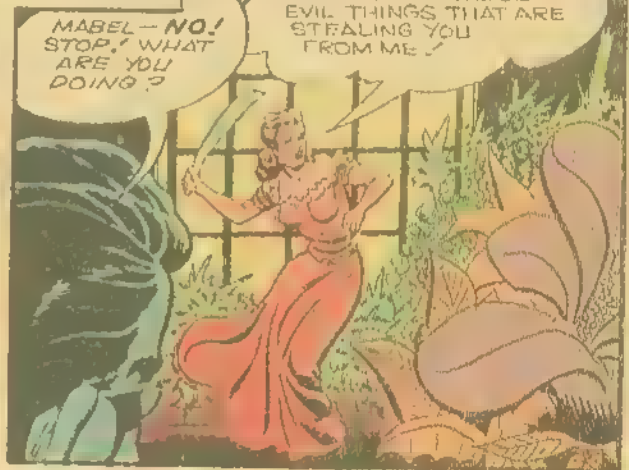
HIS STRANGE LIFE RESULTS IN BITTER SAVAGE QUARRELS WITH HIS WIFE ...

I'M SICK OF IT, SICK OF IT, YOU LIVE ONLY FOR THOSE NIGHTS WHEN YOU CAN GO DOWN THERE AMONG THOSE FLOWERS, THEY'RE LIKE A DRUG — OR A STRANGE WOMAN — STEALING YOU FROM ME.



AND THEN ONE DAY —

MABEL — NO! STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



DESTROYING THESE EVIL THINGS THAT ARE STEALING YOU FROM ME!

GIVE ME THAT KNIFE!

I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU — IN YOUR HEART!



FOR A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS THEY STRUGGLE SAVAGELY, AND THEN —

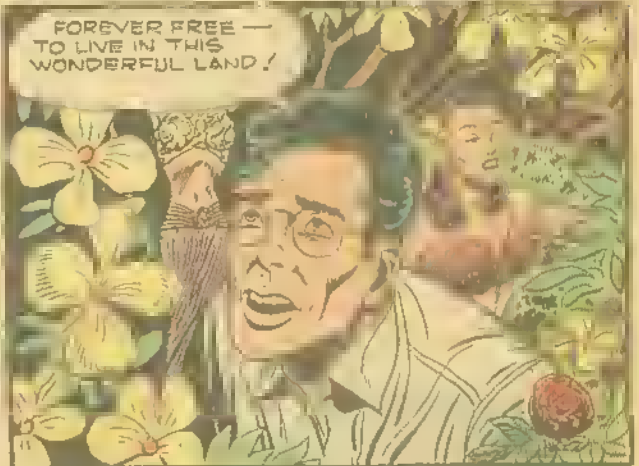
I'VE KILLED HER! THE KNIFE — TWISTED IT FROM HER HAND — SHE FELL AGAINST IT ...



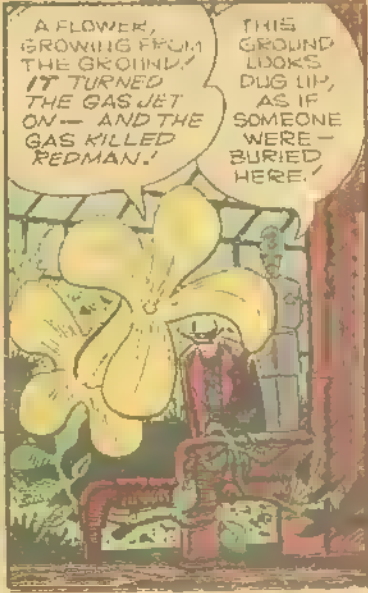
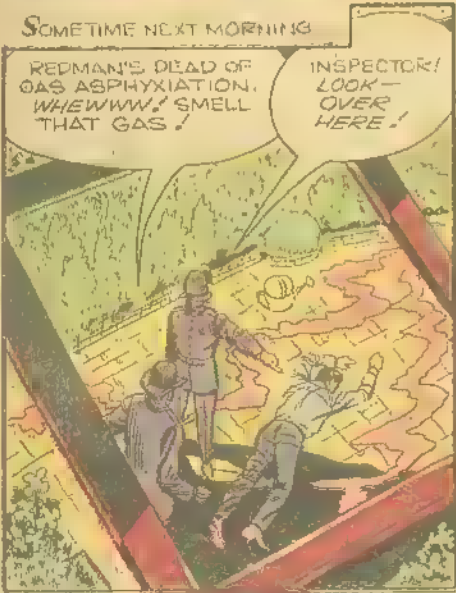
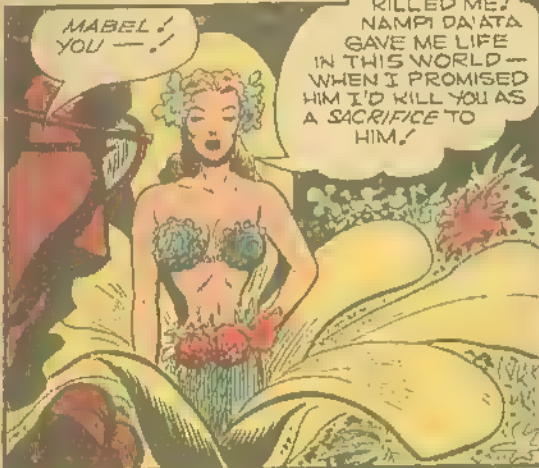
TIM HOLT



NOW BURTON REDMAN WAS FREE — FREE TO LIVE IN HIS STRANGE WORLD OF DREAMS



AND THEN ONE NIGHT, AS BURTON REDMAN DREAMS...





**YOU CAN BE
THE GHOST RIDER!**

**ONLY
\$1.00**

**AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS
WITH THIS WIERD SCARF
THAT BECOMES A REAL
GHOST RIDER MASK
THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!**

A jet-black scarf
...with the name of
THE GHOST RIDER bannered
on it...and a **SPOOKY**
white mask that becomes a
GHOST RIDER SKULL when
the mask is tied on...!



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REDMASK'S CAVE

Dear Readers:

Your editors, with the cooperation of Redmask himself, are instituting this new feature of Tim Holt magazine. So many readers have requested information concerning the old west, that we feel it almost a duty to throw open the secrets of Redmask's cave to you. . .

Dear Redmask,

I am a boy of eleven years of age. When I grow up, I want to be an artist. I was wondering if there are any books you could recommend to me that might show me anything about art that deals only with the west.

David Mannering
Tallahassee, Florida

Dear Dave,

There are several books you might study. One is Frederick Remington: Artist of the Old West. Another is A Gallery of Western Paintings. The third, which is also a biography of the life of Montana's great artist, Charles Russell, is entitled, Charles M. Russell: the Cowboy Artist. Your library will have copies of these books. If not, your nearest bookstore can secure them for you. Happy painting!

Dear Redmask,

Did the Indians have such a thing as a calendar? I am puzzled, because they seem to remember in vivid detail such long-ago things as the Custer massacre.

Helen Wells
Lafayette, Indiana

Dear Helen,

The Indians had no calendar as we know it. But they did keep an Indian calendar that was based upon local happenings in the life of the tribe. For instance, the Kiowa calendar goes back at least to 1826, the year of the peace-pipe ceremony that was introduced to the Kiowa people by a strange tribe that wore "large earrings". The winter of 1837-1838 is known as the "head-dragging winter", for during it some unknown Pawnee enemy's head was dragged along the ground. This was the same winter remembered for a plague of smallpox on the tribe. Most Indians kept sacred hides on which their artists drew pictures of the events that took place. These sacred hides were kept by the medicine men, and hidden from all in secret crypts.

Dear Redmask,

Perhaps you can explain something that has confused me about Indian clothing. I read in certain places that the Indians used glass beads to decorate their buckskin robes and mocassins. Did the Indians know how to make glass?

Everett Booth
Burnt Ranch, Oregon

Dear Everett,

In decorating their buckskin jackets and mocassins, the Plains Indians first used pine needles, dyed in different colors. These were sewn on and into the outer side of the garments. With the coming of the white man, however, glass beads were introduced, and the Indians quickly saw their value as decorative motifs. The Indians did not make glass. They bought these beads from early traders.

Dear Redmask,

What is jerked meat? I have read of it from time to time, but I would like to know just what it is.

Don Hoover
Boise, Idaho

Dear Don,

Jerked meat is the invention of the Plains Indians. From buffalo or deer, meat was cut in long thin strips and then laid out to dry in the hot sun. Within three days, the meat was "cured" and ready to eat without cooking! Since the Indians often travelled far distances on their war-paths, this type of meat was ideal to carry. Usually the Indians pounded these thin strips up, and mixed them with berries and fat, then stuffed the tasty mass into bags. All they had to do was cut slices from it and chew it. It was tasty and nourishing, and they did not have to build betraying campfires to cook it. The Indian term for this meat is "pemican."

Dear Redmask,

What kind of rifle was used by the Seventh Calvary in the Custer massacre? Is it true that the Sioux had a better rifle?

Mark Bennett
Colusa Junction, California

Dear Mark,

Unfortunately for the Seventh Calvary, the Sioux did have a better rifle than that furnished to the U.S. calvary. The Sioux carried a Henry repeating rifle. The Seventh used a Springfield 45-70 carbine.

Dear Redmask,

I have been reading western books like Tim Holt and Straight Arrow for a long time. I would like to know something. Could you tell me if all the revolvers used in the old time west had cartridges? I remember reading something about a cap-and-ball pistol. What were they?

Eddie Loomis
Alstead, New Hampshire

Dear Eddie,

One of the first cartridge revolvers was a Smith and Wesson rim fire model. 1855. Before that, the revolvers used a ball, .36 caliber. Such a gun was the Navy Colt, a predecessor to the famous Peacemaker Colt .45 used by gunmen and sheriffs, frontier marshals like Wild Bill Hickok and Bill Tilghman. Billy the Kid, however, used a .41 caliber gun. The dragoon pistols and early Colts used a flintlock gun that set off the powder by flint striking steel. The exploding powder

forced the ball through the muzzle. In the war of 1812, General Jackson used such a pistol, which fired a .60 caliber ball.

Dear Redmask,

I have heard that cowboys wore "chinks." What in the world are they? Can you tell me?

Nellie Fletcher
New York City

Dear Nellie,

Chinks are a form of cowboy leggin that reached slightly below the knee, and were fringed. Made of buckskin, they were worn mostly on the California and Nevada ranges. They are ideal for a horseman who travels in light brush and in hot weather.

Dear Redmask,

What is a "cinch-binder"?

Jimmy Landon
Audubon, Iowa

Dear Jimmy,

"Cinch-binder" is a term applied to a bucking bronco that falls over backward to crush his rider, if he can. The horse rears high and topples backward, and the rider who is not quick enough in dragging his boots from the stirrups will find a thousand pounds of horseflesh falling on him. This particular type of buck is most dreaded by the rodeo contestants and horse wranglers of the big western ranches.

There they are, boys and girls! The first of the letters to be answered by Redmask, from his secret cave! If YOU have questions about the old west, send them in. We'll deliver them to Redmask, and let him answer them for you! Keep your eye on this feature of your Tim Holt magazine. We have a hunch it's going to be plumb popular!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1911, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1932, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) OF TIM HOLT, published bi-monthly at St. Louis, Missouri, for October, 1, 1952.

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Business Manager, SARAH R. HENDERSON, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be

stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given. If Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.; Vincent Sullivan, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation,

the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting. Also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

SARAH R. HENDERSON,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of Sept., 1952.

MURRAY COHEN
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 24-5745400

Qualified in Kings County
Certificates filed with New York & Kings County Clerk's & Registers
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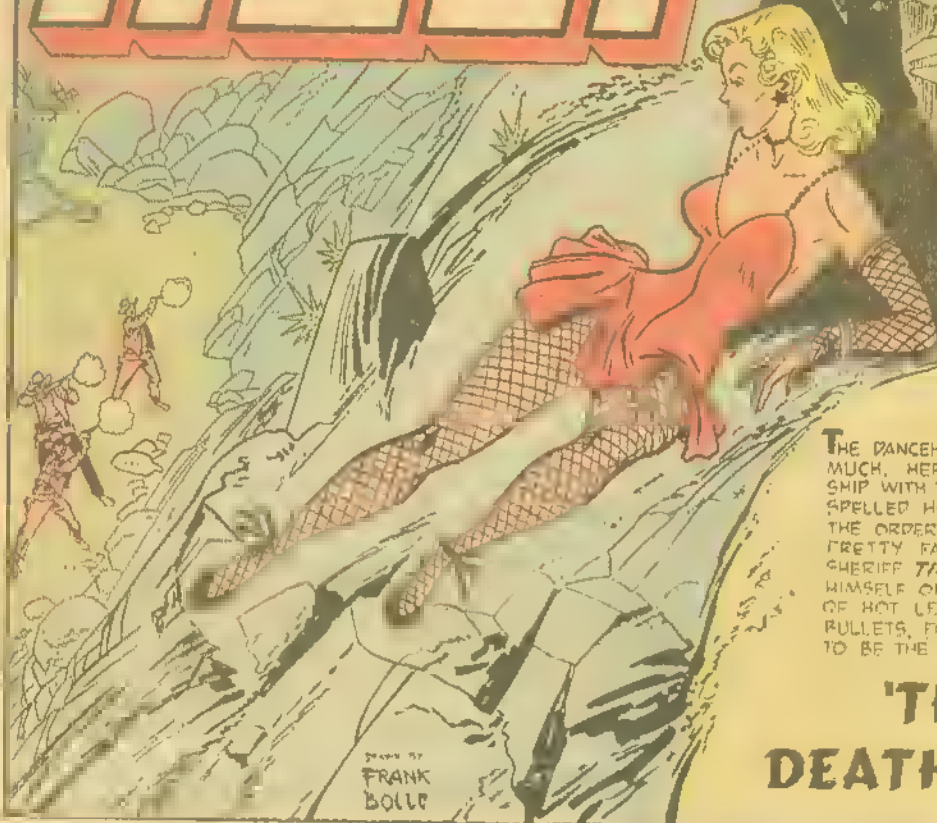
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TIM HOLT

I'VE LOST MY GUNS! —
I CAN'T SAVE FAYE TERRILL!
... I CAN'T EVEN SAVE
MYSELF!



THE DANCEHALL GIRL KNEW TOO MUCH. HER YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP WITH "BLACKJACK" BROOME SPILLED HER DEATH! AND WHEN THE ORDER WENT OUT TO KILL PRETTY FAYE TERRILL, DEPUTY SHERIFF **TIM HOLT** FOUND HIMSELF ON THE RECEIVING END OF HOT LEAD AND LETHAL BULLETS, FOR HE SEEMED DESTINED TO BE THE LOSER IN —

'THE DEATH RACE!'

STORY BY
FRANK BOLLE

IN A LARGE ROOM ABOVE THE GILT AND CRYSTAL MAIN SALOON OF THE "PRAIRIE ROSE".

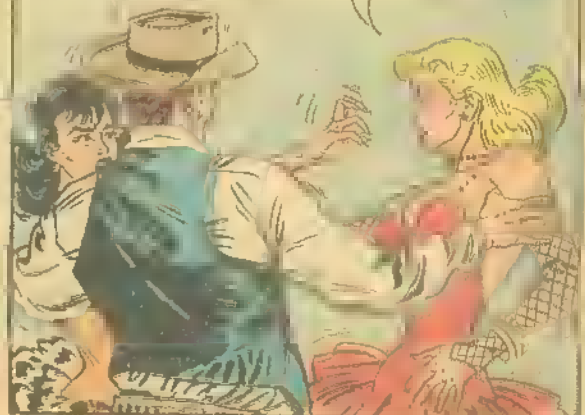
I'LL PULL YOUR
DYED HAIR OUT!

NOT BEFORE I KNOCK
LOOSE A HANDFUL OF
THOSE FOUGHT TEETH!

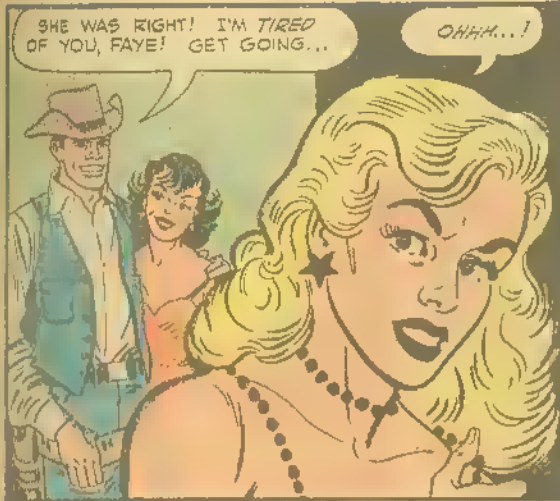


BREAK IT UP,
YOU TWO!

SHE SAYS *SHE* USES THIS ROOM
NOW! I'M YOUR GIRL FRIEND,
BLACKJACK! TELL HER!



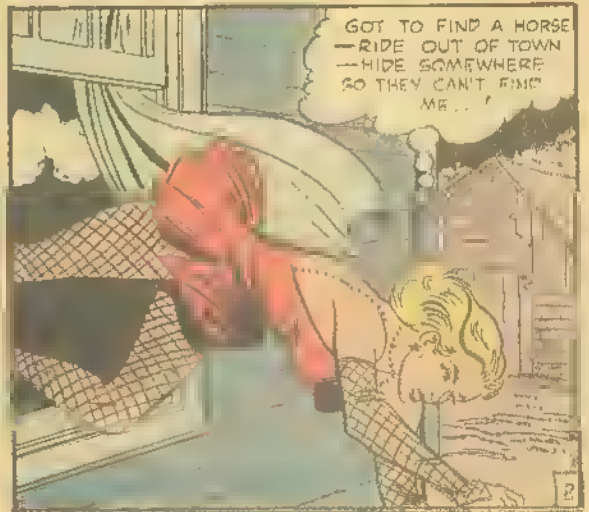
TIM HOLT



A FEW MINUTES LATER, DOWNSTAIRS IN THE SALOON ITSELF...

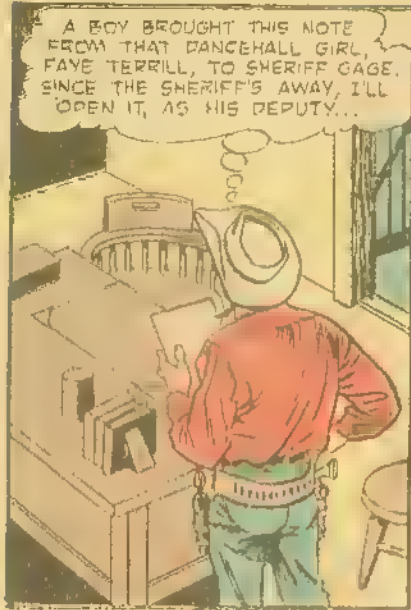


AND SO, A LITTLE LATER, IN A SMALL ROOMING HOUSE NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF BULLET...



TIM HOLT

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE TOWN SHERIFF'S OFFICE...



SOON—

THAT NOTE SAID SHE WAS WILLING TO TELL ME WHAT SHE KNOWS ABOUT BLACK-JACK BROOME, AND THE MEN SHE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN ROBBING AND KILLING FOR HIM—WHAT'S THIS?



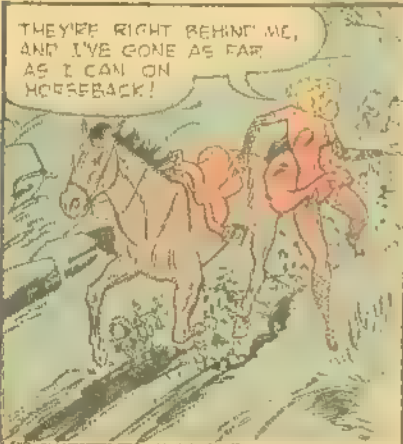
BULLET MARKS IN THE MIRROR! GUNSMOKE IN THE AIR! A SMASHED WINDOW. YES, FAYE WILL TELL—IF SHE ISN'T DEAD!



AT THE LOCAL LIVERY STABLE THAT ADJOINS FAYE TERRILL'S LITTLE ROOMING HOUSE...



ALL THAT NIGHT, A TERRIFIED FAYE TERRILL FLEES DEEPER INTO THE HIGH CANYON COUNTRY—



GOT TO GO UP... HOPE THEY DON'T SEE MY FOOTPRINTS... HIDE SOMEWHERE UP THERE ON THE ROCKS!



TIM HOLT

AS A CRIMSON DAWN FLOODS THE MESA LANDS...



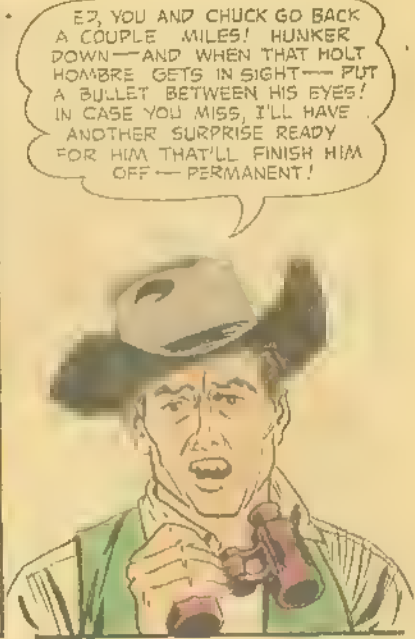
SHE'S SOMEWHERE UP YONDER! THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!

THE HARDEST PART WILL BE TO FIND HER. SHOOTING HER ONCE WE SEE HER WILL BE EASY! LET'S START LOOKING!



JIM, THERE'S SOMEBODY RIDING LIGHT AND FAST THIS WAY! LOOKS LIKE THAT DEPUTY!

HUH?

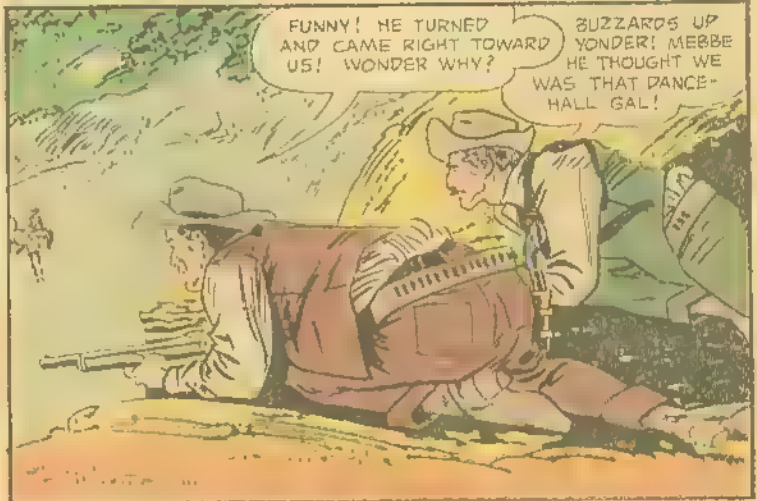


ED, YOU AND CHUCK GO BACK A COUPLE MILES! HUNKER DOWN—AND WHEN THAT HOLT HOMBRE GETS IN SIGHT—PUT A BULLET BETWEEN HIS EYES! IN CASE YOU MISS, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER SURPRISE READY FOR HIM THAT'LL FINISH HIM OFF—PERMANENT!

GALLOPING SWIFTLY, FOR HE KNOWS HE RACES DEATH ITSELF, TIM HOLT SENDS HIS BRONC HURLING FORWARD—



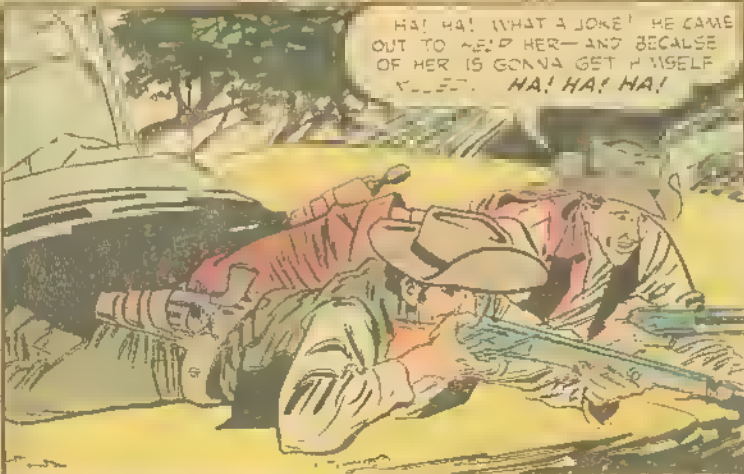
BUZZARDS! UP THERE IN THE SKY...BUT COMING LOWER! DON'T TELL ME THAT THEY'VE KILLED FAYE ALREADY...!



FUNNY! HE TURNED AND CAME RIGHT TOWARD US! WONDER WHY?

BUZZARDS UP YONDER! MEBBE HE THOUGHT WE WAS THAT DANCE-HALL GAL!

GRIM LAUGHTER SHAKED THE TWO MEN: AT FAYE'S KIDNAP JOKE.



HA! HA! WHAT A JOKE! HE CAME OUT TO HELP HER—AND BECAUSE OF HER IS GONNA GET HIMSELF KILLED. HA! HA! HA!

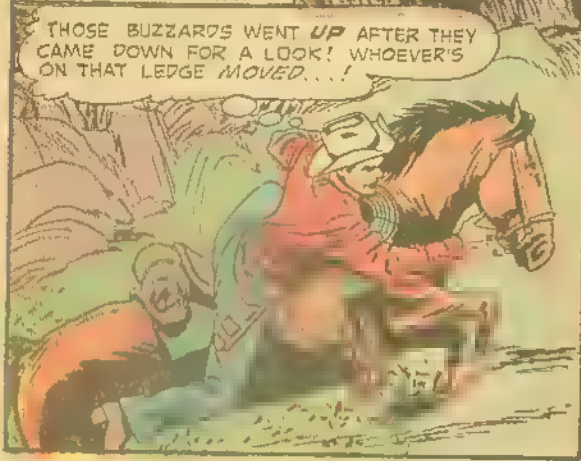


CRACK!

CRACK!

TIM HOLT

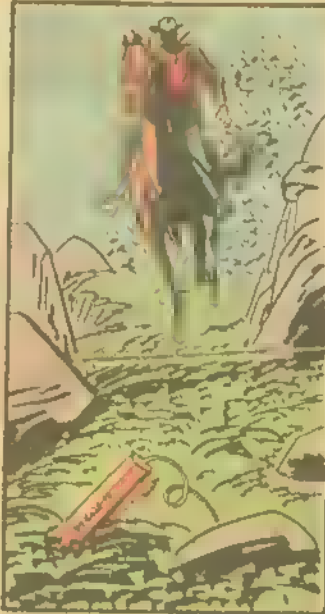
BUT A MOMENT BEFORE THE RIFLES HURL THEIR DEADLY HAIL AT TIM—



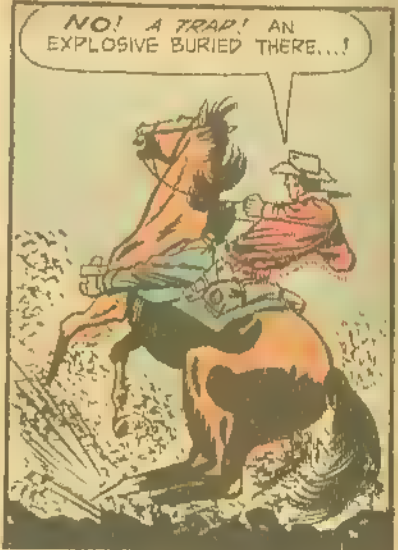
AND THEN ONLY THE FLAPPING OF BUZZARDS' WINGS IS HEARD AS THEY DROP LOWER...LOWER...



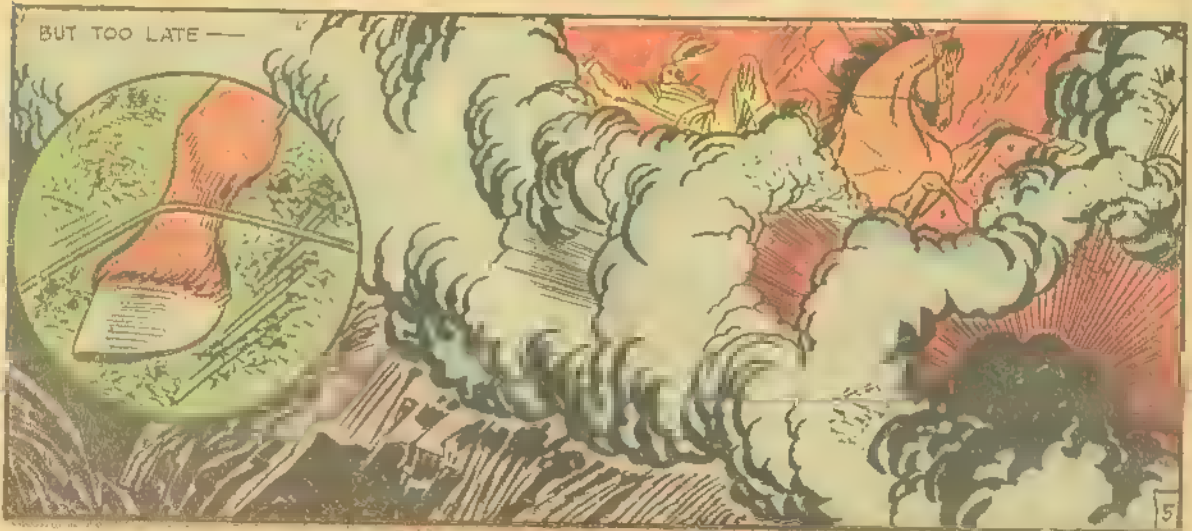
TIM GALLOPS ON. AHEAD OF HIM...



AT THE LAST MOMENT, TIM'S KEEN EYES SEE THE BUSHES BOWED AGAINST THE TUG OF THE RELEASE STRING, THE ALTERED ROCKS AND SHALE—



BUT TOO LATE—



TIM HOLT

SOME DISTANCE AHEAD, ON THE ROCKY CLIFFWALL...



SOB SOB I DON'T WA-WANT TO DIE! I'M YOUNG... SOB



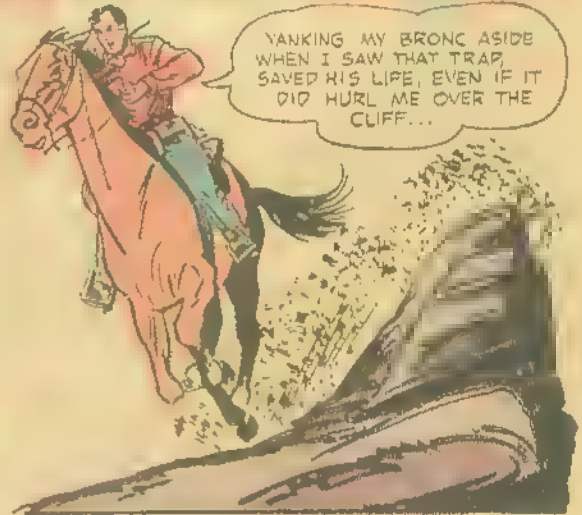
MEANWHILE, HURTLING OVER THE CLIFF BY THE EXPLODING DYNAMITE, TIM'S HAND GRASPS AT A TOUGH SHRUB



MY GUNS FELL OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF! BUT I CAN'T GO BACK FOR OTHERS! THEY'D KILL FAYE FOR SURE IF I DID!

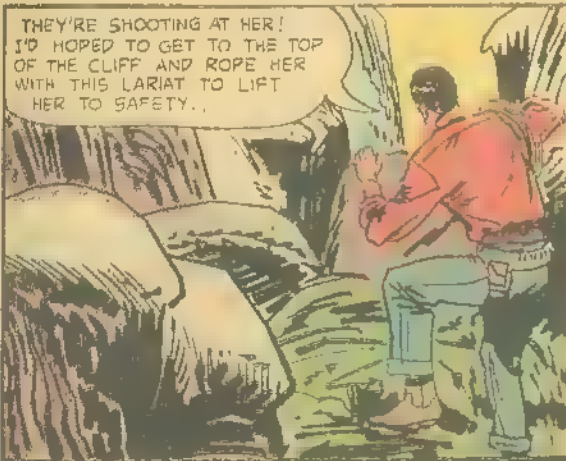


YANKING MY BRONC ASIDE WHEN I SAW THAT TRAP, SAVED HIS LIFE, EVEN IF IT DID HURL ME OVER THE CLIFF...



WITH HANDS AND TOES, TIM CLIMBS THE FACE OF THE MIGHTY CLIFF... UP AND UP INTO THE SNOW-COVERED HEIGHTS

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT HER! I'D HOPED TO GET TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF AND ROPE HER WITH THIS LARIAT TO LIFT HER TO SAFETY...



BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY SAVE HER! I'VE COME THIS FAR— ONLY TO FAIL!



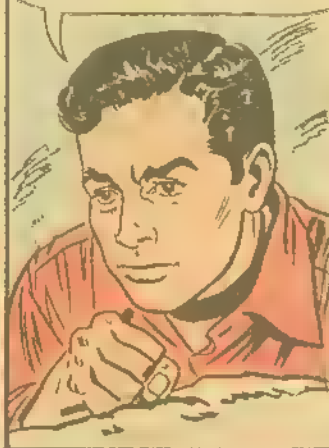
TIM HOLT

A FEAR-SHAKEN GIRL LIES CRUMPLED ON A ROCK LEDGE AS BULLETS SCREAM AROUND HER—



—WHILE HIGH ABOVE HER, HELPLESS—

AWFUL TO STAND HERE AND WATCH—WHILE ONE OF THOSE BULLETS HITS HER—AND KNOW THERE'S **NOTHING** I CAN DO TO SAVE HER! NO—WAIT...!



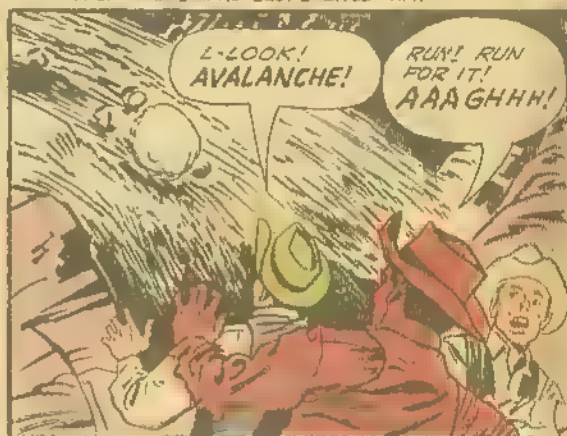
IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT A LITTLE SNOWBALL WILL GET MIGHTY BIG WHEN ROLLED DOWN THIS SLOPE!



FASTER AND FASTER ROLL THE SNOWBALL. AS IT TRAVELS IT GROWS. IT HITS THE ICICLE-HUNG RIM OF THE CLIFF—



AND THEN, AS TIM WATCHES, GREAT CRACKS APPEAR IN THE SNOW AND ICE! THERE IS A RUMBLING ROAR—AND THEN THE ENTIRE SLOPE GIVES WAY—



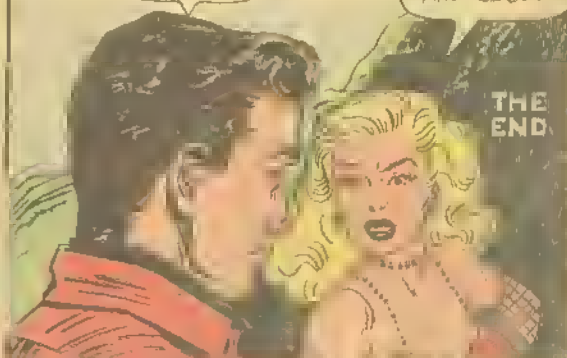
NO LEGS CAN OUTRUN THOSE TONS OF SNOW AND ICE! IN A MOMENT—



MOMENTS LATER—

YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, FAYE—BUT WITH YOUR TESTIMONY, BLACKJACK BROOME WILL BE DEAD INSIDE A MONTH—HUNG BY THE EXECUTIONER'S ROPE!

GET ME TO A LAWYER! I WANT TO TALK FAST—AND LOUD!



TIM HOLT

TALES OF GHOST RIDER

HE WAS THE SHAME OF THE WEST — A BADMAN WHO PREYED ONLY ON THE WEAK AND HELPLESS... NOTHING COULD SOFTEN THAT BLACK VICIOUS HEART OF HIS — AND THAT'S WHY HE WAS KNOWN AS —

HARD-BOILED HARRY



HARRY SANK LOWER AND LOWER. EACH CRIME WAS MORE HORRIBLE — EACH VICTIM MORE PITEOUS...



THEN ... ONE NIGHT ... ON A LONELY TRAIL —



THAT GIRL — WHUT'S SHE DOIN' OUT HERE? SHORE IS PURTY — WOULD BE A SHAME TO —



WHUT WAS I SAYIN' ...? **PURTINESS** DON'T MEAN NUTHIN' TO ME — I'M **HARD-BOILED HARRY!** THOSE PEARLS AROUND HER NECK — I'M GONNA GRAB THEM ...!



CAN'T THINK OF HER PURTINESS — GOTTA BE **HARD-BOILED** ...



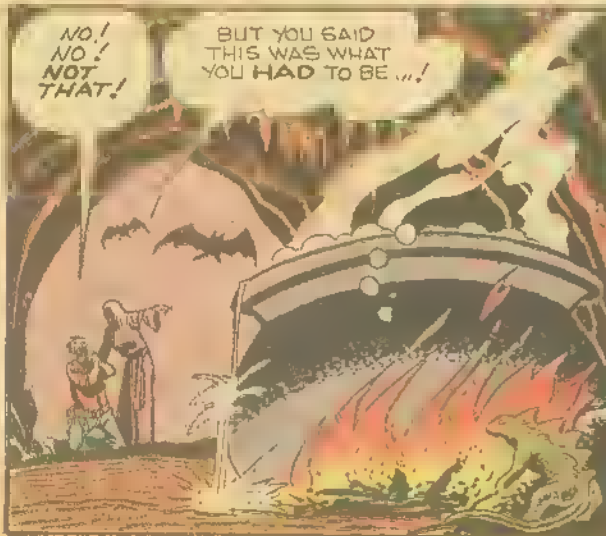
AIEEEEE!

SHE'S TURNED INTO A WITCH — I CAN'T LET GO!



W. WHAR YUH DRAGGIN' ME ...?

HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!



NO! NO! NOT THAT!

BUT YOU SAID THIS WAS WHAT YOU HAD TO BE ...!



I HAVE MUCH WORK TONIGHT ... HURRY! HURRY!

JUST FIVE MORE MINUTES, SIRE! **HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!** I WANT TO MAKE SURE HE'S REALLY **HARD-BOILED**

the End

TIM HOLT

EVER WANT TO BE A HERO? EVER WANT TO HAVE PEOPLE STARE ENVILOUSLY AT YOU WHILE YOU WALK PAST? THAT IS THE DREAM OF MEX LALLIPOOSA, TIM'S RANCH COOK, AT HIS T-BAR-H SPREAD...

AND WHEN MEX FINDS HIMSELF IN HOT WATER CLEAR UP TO HIS NECK, WITH DEATH LASHING OUT GREEDILY FOR HIM, IT IS REDMASK HIMSELF WHO HAS TO DARE DEADLY BULLETS AND HARDHITTING BADMEN TO SAVE -

"THE HELPLESS HERO!"

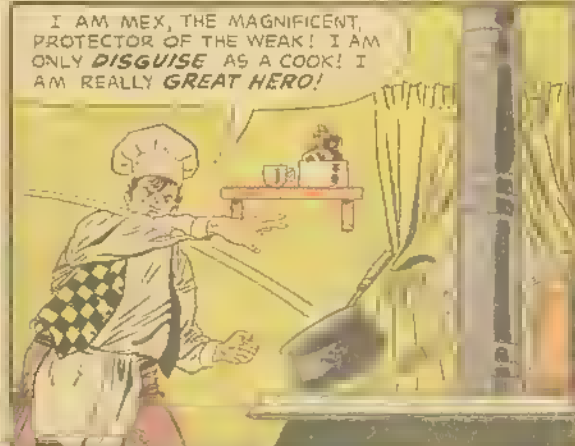
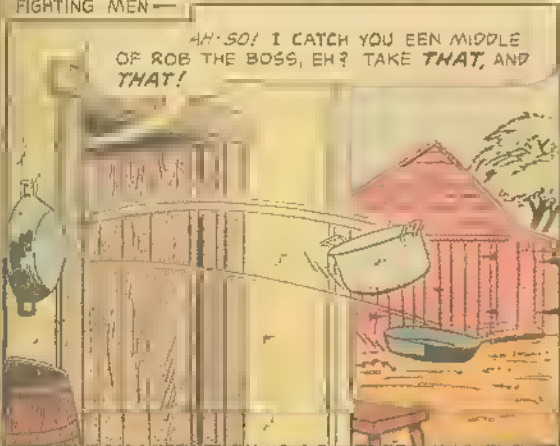


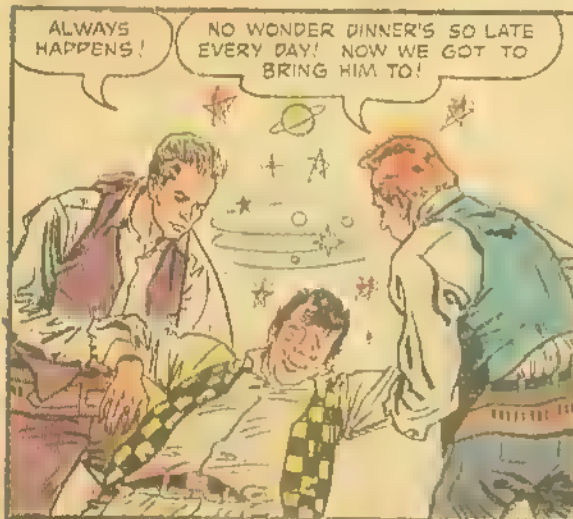
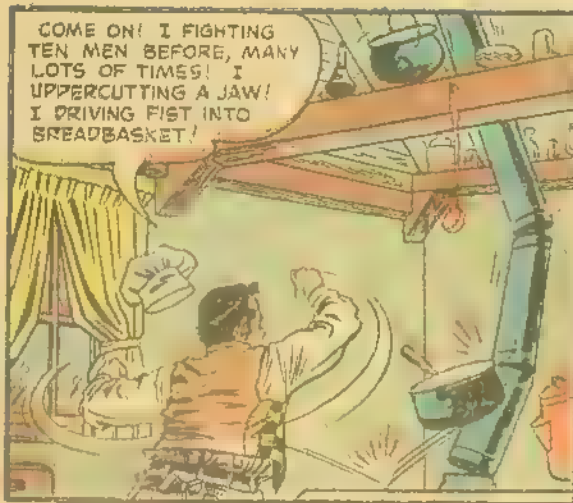
DAY AFTER DAY, THE BIG KITCHEN AT THE T-BAR-H RANCH HOUSE RESOUNDS TO THE SOUNDS OF GRIM FIGHTING MEN -

“AH-SO! I CATCH YOU EEN MIDDLE OF ROB THE BOSS, EH? TAKE *THAT*, AND *THAT*!”

EVERYBODY ON THE RANCH KNOWS WHAT IS HAPPENING. MEX LALLIPOOSA IS DREAMING AGAIN -

I AM MEX, THE MAGNIFICENT, PROTECTOR OF THE WEAK! I AM ONLY *DISGUISE* AS A COOK! I AM REALLY *GREAT HERO*!

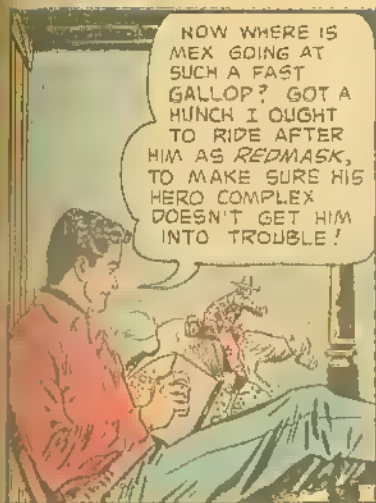




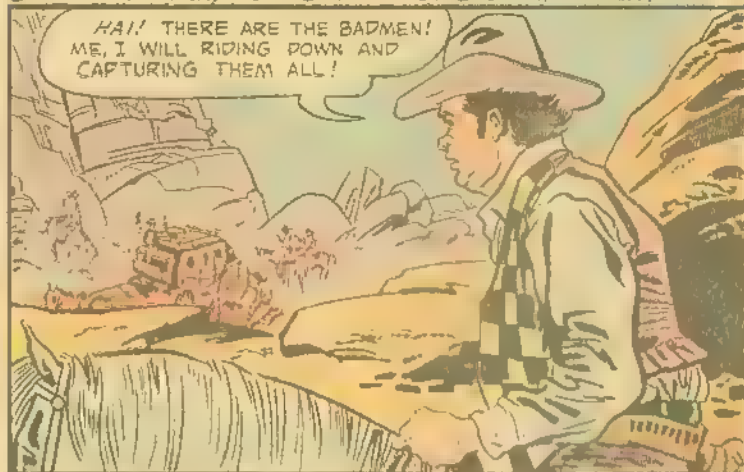
IN TOWN, THE SEÑORITAS LOOK COLDLY AT MEX AND SHRUG THEIR SHOULDERS AT HIM...



TIM HOLT



SOMEWHAT LATER, HIGH ABOVE THE STAGECOACH TRAIL...



WHEN AS MEX RIDES DOWN



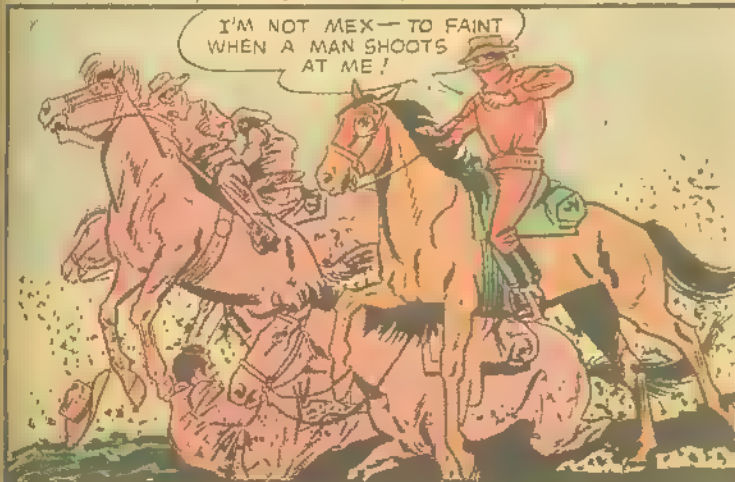
A DOZEN BULLETS BURN THE AIR! THEY PUNCH HOLES IN MEX'S COAT AND TROUSERS! THEY SEND HIS SOMBRERO FLYING...



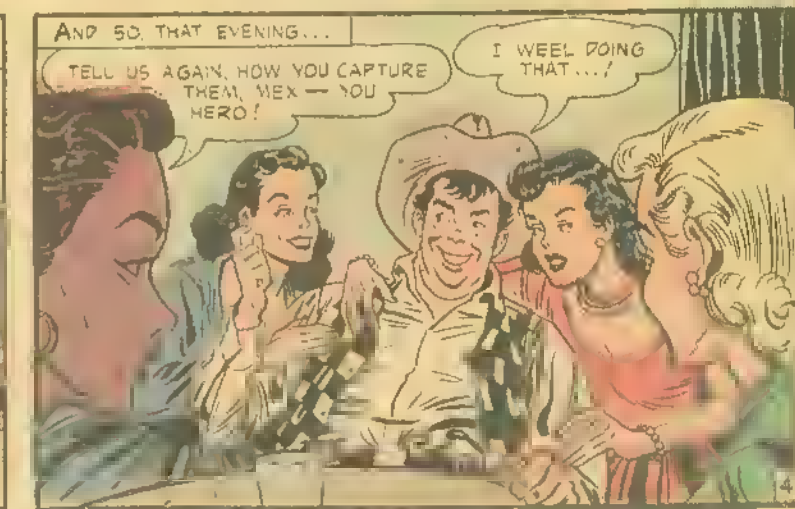
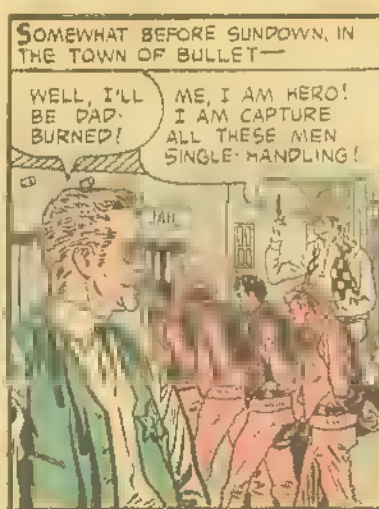
BEING A HERO IN REAL LIFE IS A LOT DIFFERENT FROM HIS DREAMS! MEX CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND IN A DEAD FAINT!



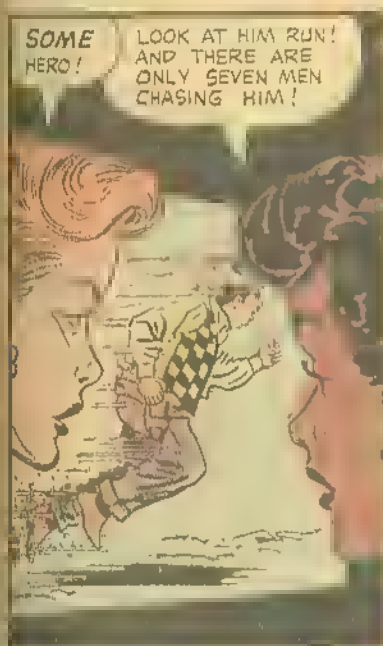
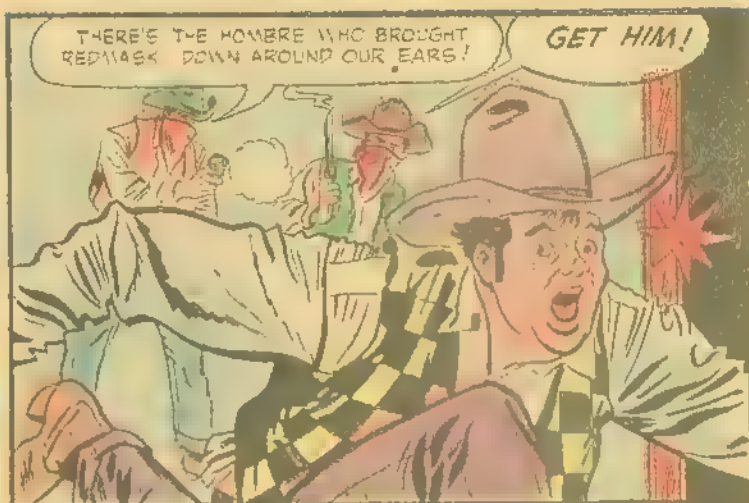
OFF TO ONE SIDE, REDMASK HURTTLES FORWARD...

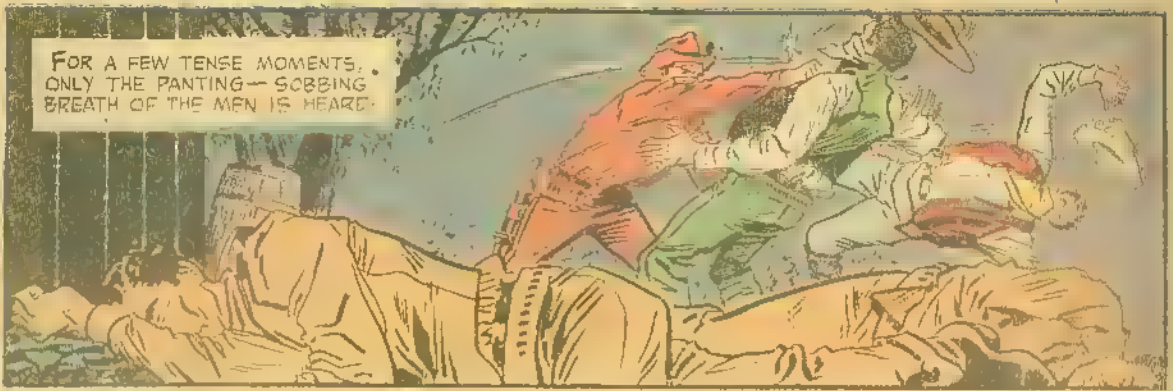


TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT





FOR A FEW TENSE MOMENTS, ONLY THE PANTING—SOBBING BREATH OF THE MEN IS HEARD.

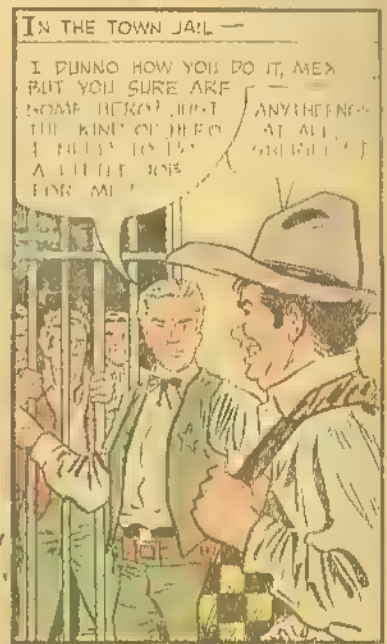


AND THEN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT DESCENDS AS THE LAST MAN GOES DOWN UNDER A SWINGING GUN-BARREL!



A MOMENT LATER—

WALFINGTON! AGAIN I HAVE KNOCKING THEM OUT COLE! I DO NOT KNOWING ANYONE WHEN I AM OUT IN A BATTLE! I FIGHT AND FIGHT AND FORGETTING IT ALL THE TIME!



IN THE TOWN JAIL —

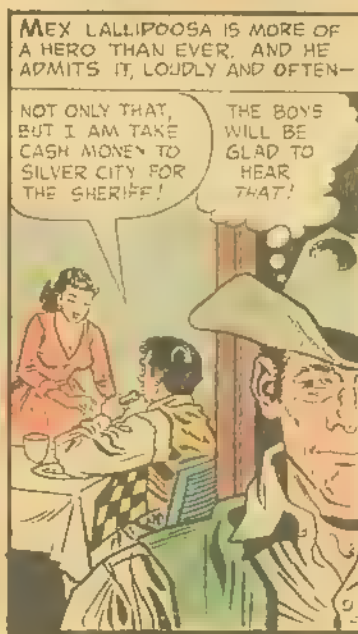
I DUNNO HOW YOU DO IT, MEX PUT YOU SURE ARE SOME HERO! BUT THE KIND OF HERO I WANT TO BE A LITTLE MORE FOR ME!

ANYTHING AT ALL, GORRILL!



I WANT YOU TO DELIVER A PACKAGE—FULL OF MONEY—to the SILVER CITY BANK TOMORROW. I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES OF SENDING IT BY STAGE THIS TIME!

AS SOON AS I AM EATING AND SLEEPING, I WILL BE BACK FOR THE PACKAGE!



MEX LALLIPOOSA IS MORE OF A HERO THAN EVER, AND HE ADMITS IT, LOUDLY AND OFTEN—

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT I AM TAKE CASH MONEY TO SILVER CITY FOR THE SHERIFF!

THE BOYS WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT!



NEXT DAY—

SHERIFF GAGE IS NOT HERE, SO I TAKE THE PACKAGE AND RIDE!

AN HOUR AFTERWARD—

REDMASK—MEX RODE OFF WITH SOME GUNPOWDER I BOUGHT TO BLOW UP SOME STONES ON MY RANCH IN THE HILLS! HERE'S THE PACKAGE OF 7 MONEY, OVER HERE!

I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER HIM! HE'S NO HERO! HE FAINTED TWICE! I'M THE ONE WHO KNOCKED THOSE CALHOOTS OUT!



ON THE TRAIL TO EAGLE CITY—

BAD MEN SHOOTING AT ME!



LIKE THE WIND, MEX FLEES ACROSS THE TIMBERED SLOPES, RACING FOR HIS LIFE!

Yiiii! NOW THEY ARE GET FIRE TO THE WOODS!



NOT REALIZING THAT HE CARRIES GUNPOWDER AND 107 GREENBACKS HE SENDS HIS MOUNT TEARING FAST GREAT SCARING FLAMES...

OOOPS! ALMOST DROPPED IT! AND I'M FALLING OFF MY HORSE...



Aiii—owww!



AND THEN, FROM THE WOODS AROUND THE DESPAIRING MEX BURSTS REDMASK THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE!

THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS—OR WE'LL FILL YOU FULL OF LEAD!

THE MONEY EES SAFE! I HAVE GUARD EET WITH MY LIFE!



THERE ISN'T ANY MOVEE IN THERE—IT'S GUNPOWDER!

GUNPOWDER! AND I'VE CARRIED IT THROUGH THE FIRE... WITH THEM SHOOTING AT ME... BLOWING ME UP AT ANY TIME!

OOOWWWW!

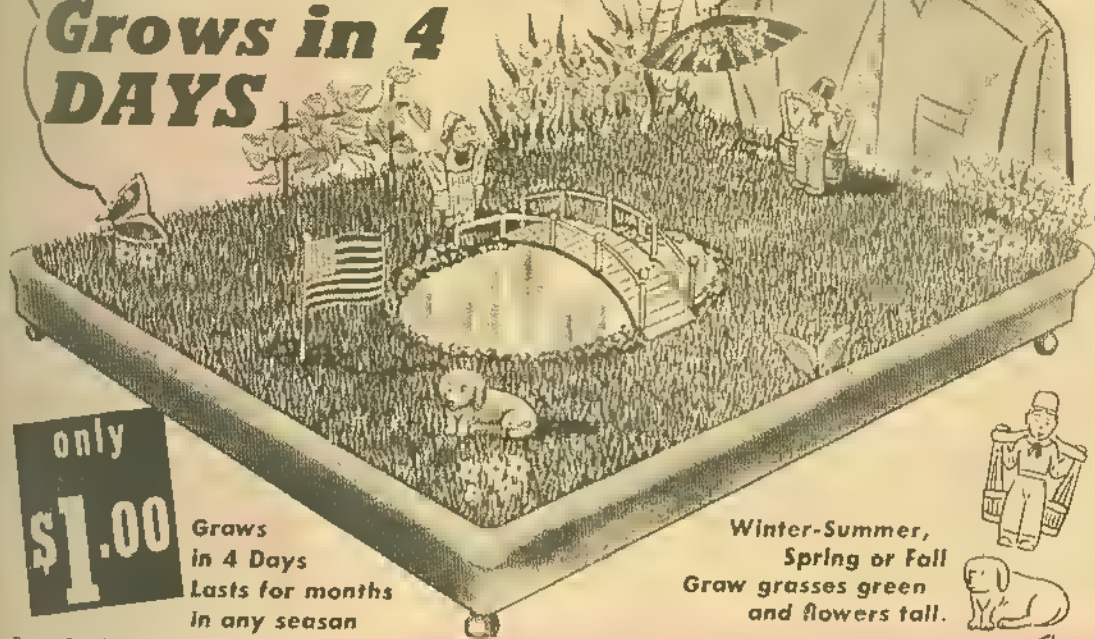


ONE THING ABOUT MEX—HE BURE TRIES...!



THE END

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POWER VIGOR CHARACTER
IN YOUR VOICE

Add *controlled* strength to your voice and people will listen when you talk. A stronger voice may make you more interesting, more persuasive, more poised. What you say will have more importance, when your voice is full-toned, because people generally respect a BIG voice.

**Thousands are held back
by a negative voice—
AND DON'T KNOW IT!**

Your popularity and recognition depends, frequently, on your voice and the impression it makes. Don't be handicapped by just an ordinary common weak voice. You'll improve your personality by replacing "thinness" in your voice with new desirable strength. And, of course, I don't have to mention the direct dollars-and-cents cash value of a more positive voice for salesmen, executives, preachers, announcers, union leaders, politicians.

**AMAZING DETAILS—Just fill in
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You'll find this training enjoyable as well as valuable—as have more than 150,000 other ambitious students during the past 51 years. Helps both your speaking and your singing. Self-training lessons, mostly silent. You get your results in the privacy of your own room. No music required. Everything is handled confidentially and all mail is sent in plain wrapper. Take this first step toward your personal self-advancement now, it's free . . . send for my fascinating illustrated booklet "How to Strengthen Your Voice to be More Successful." Simply fill in and mail this coupon today. (Cannot be sent unless you state your age.)

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I can
strengthen
your voice—build
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and it will help you get ahead
in business, increase your in-
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—Eugene Feuchtinger

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My age is: _____